

Recoil "Curse"

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[DL: The lyrics between parenthesis are spoken by a
another voice,
which is not Moby's. It could be sampled from another
source,
or maybe not]
3 -2- 1
Kick it!
Lord help me to believe I've got the need.
Killed by the world I'm filled full of greed
Dead to the touch of a human hand
Can't stand, beaten down by a broken old man
Broken men fill a city full of sadness
Broken rooms fill a body full of badness
I need a need other than the sting of sin
I need a sweet kiss to syncopate the rut I'm in
I've got a lover, she clothes me in another
A bad thing to bring, a sacrifice under the covers
She said, cut all that [MB: a word is missing here] from
inside of me
Like something living made a decision to cease to be
Life isn't like that, life isn't like this
I have a need to know what it is
Have you stopped to see what it is to be free
How the world has become a giant shopping spree
Lord help me to believe how the word has changed
If it happens enough does it seem the same?
If it happens to me over and over again
Will I cease to feel all the pain I'm in?
Will I cease to feel? Will I start to believe?
Will I need nothing more than the air that I breathe?
Well, why waste breathing on a living death?
Why even bother with another breath?
Why believe, why care, why even fuckin' feel? [MB: or
maybe 'fuck and feel?']
Why try to see beyond the evening meal?
They tell me four billion people are alive today
But they say that life is sacred anyway
But then to see it, no one seems to be living
Oh Lord, what is it that we're giving?
You're blind. You're blind.
You're blind from the facts.
You're blind. You're blind.

You're blind from the facts.
You're blind. (getting in line time and time again)
You're blind. You're blind from the facts.
You're blind. (while nation after nation
stands in peril) Blind from the facts.
3 -2- 1
Kick it!
I felt life like a kiss in the morning
I heard love like a rainstorm on top of an awning

But then I left home to spend the night alone
And then I saw a man asleep on the cold stone
Was he asleep? Maybe dead, maybe dying
I saw in heaven all the angels were crying
I saw myself as I just walked by
I saw another as he turned a blind eye
I saw another as he kicked the man
And that his friends all laughed or didn't take a stand
I burned inside, put my hand through a wall
I cursed the world that there is suffering and cruelty at
all
I cursed myself that there is suffering and cruelty in
me
That, though my eyes have sight, they're too full to see
That this would be life, like a job and a wife
Like a car and a house and a garden and a knife
Is it freedom to choose what is not a choice?
Or is it freedom to silence what is not a voice?
Is it freedom to have one belief
Or do you choose to live a life full of grief?
I can't choose what I can't believe
That the way of life is to live and grieve
'Cause I see living as a place in the sun
And the world as a place for a kingdom to come
(You may say, I had. You may hate getting in line
time and time again. You may say, man this life stinks.
I wonder how many people today burning in hell
this very hour, burning in hell right now,
never thought it was real until they lived it?
And there are people in the world
that are too intellectual for that.
Oh man! That's foolish....
I wonder how many people today burning in hell
this very hour, burning in hell right now,
never thought it was real until they lived it?
This vacillating congress sits and will do nothing
while nation after nation stands in peril.
(whispered, You're blind...)
You may say, I had. You may hate getting in line
time and time again. You may say, man this life stinks.
I wonder how many people today...)

[DL: We are not sure about this 'You may say, I had',
which could be
also 'You may say, I hate it', too hard to guess]
@END

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